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A Book of Ballads and Etchings

By ALICE SARGANT § and
WILLIAM STRANG § § § §

JOHN MATTHEWS



WILLIAM·S
ARGENT

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BALLADS AND ETCHINGS

A BOOK OF BALLADS

BY ALICE SARGANT

WITH FIVE ETCHINGS

BY WILLIAM STRANG



LONDON: ELKIN MATHEWS

VIGO STREET W

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PREFACE

*I*N explanation of the title "Ballads and Etchings" the writer of the letterpress begs gratefully to acknowledge that the ballad was not in every case written before the picture. Her best thanks are also due to the Publisher and Printer for their care in every detail of arrangement.

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ON the mainland of Orkney lived a maiden by name Ursella Norn. At some seasons the islanders were forced for want of salt to use sea-water in their cauldrons. One evening Ursella, with her stoup, left her mother's hearth to draw water from the incoming tide. She never returned, however, nor was she ever seen at home again. Four years later, her cousin, William Norn, averred that, being becalmed in a mist at sea, she appeared to him, and took him, with the rest of the crew, to Hilda-land. He stated that she was well and happy, and averse to returning home.

Orkney Folk-lore--Dennison.

URSELLA NORN

"WHIST and hist, Ursella,
The day-star westers down ;
Stray not where high and low tide sway,
For yon's the wild trow's ground !

"Oh dark's the face o' the dree Fin-man,
An' weird's his sorcery ;
He can sink the fisher's boat by night,
An' snatch Christ's folk to sea."

She's lat her stoup i' the sunset wave,
Gleamed green wi' emeral' ray ;
An' drew up gold an' cramoisie,
Phantasmic ephemeral play.

Out peered the face o' the eerie man,
Wi' eyes o' ebony ;
Guid keep us a' fra folk like that,
That's no earthly company !

Oh its weary cryin' for Ursella Norn,
While whistlin' winds are loud ;
The wud sea-trows ha' dragged her down,
Drift-white her silvery shroud.

Leap-year's come, and leap-year's gone,
An' a white mist over all ;
A ribbony wreck, and a storm-sweet deck,
When Willie heard a call.

BALLADS AND ETCHINGS

An' it's there he spies a sma' boat,
 Rows up to the guid ship's side ;
 "Lord, lass, is this thee, Ursella,
 Alane on the saut sea wide ?"

She's lep the tafferel, till the deck,
 "Gae veer about" 's her word ;
 And aye there sprang a cool o' breeze,
 And the ship danced light as a bird.

Oh, wat's the name o' yon faery strand,
 Wi' hills sa wondrous bonnie ?
 Na wonder sic a magic land
 Has cast the glamourye on ye !

"Yon's the blythesum hame o' the wild
 Fin-man,
 Ne'er looks for rain, nor sna' ;
 Nor mirk o' night, nor dawn o' day,
 Sa saft the licht owre a'.

She's led them to a shield-girt hall,
 A' strewn wi' the sweet jonquil ;
 Wi' scarlet-red, and purple wine,
 An' waxlights saft an' still.

"Wha 's that comes ridin' a black, black
 steed ?"
 "That's aye the gudeman hame ;
 The gouden quaich, sud he upraise,
 A' Fin-men shout his name !"

The Fin-man's set him by Ursella's
 cousin,
 Right courteous was his will ;
 Feastin', an' ringin', an' gallantly singing,
 Until the cock crew shrill.

And it's "How sall we steer hame, Ursel ?"
 And it's "Will ye away wi' me ?"
 "Na, na, I'm ower content wi' this,
 I've bonnie bairnies three."

She's ta'en a token fra her pouch :
 "Gi'e Margaret Pierce this spell ;
 'Tis knotted strang, wi' otters' hair lang,
 'Twill speed your coorting well.

"An' gie the Fin-pilot, that goes with ye,
 A siller groat ilk man ;
 An' wat he asks beyant that gi'e,
 To speed ye fair to lan'."

An' its laud cried the Fin-pilot ;
 "Its cards, I'd play with ye ;
 For mickle's the might, o' the canny gey
 wight,
 Deals painted wizardry."

They've cut for king, they've cut for
 queen,
 Till a dreamy sleep held sway :
 Wearie the e'en an' eerie the sheen,
 As the Fin-pilot stole away.

URSELLA NORN

An' athwart them lay the blue reek
Saft curlin' o'er the land ;

Wi' women-folk weak, pressin' bairnie
to cheek
Awaitin' them on the strand.

SOME two or three hundred years ago a party of marauding gipsies rode down upon the border town of Jedburgh and pillaged the house of a farmer with whom they were at feud. They stabbed his wife, and carried off his eldest daughter, escaping before his return home.

THE GIPSY RAIDERS

THE Rutherfords, father and sons,
rode down,
And harried the outskirts o' Jedburgh
town ;
The whitethorn powdered the land wi'
snow,
The labouring oxen paced heavy and
slow.

They'd jacks, steel-bonnets, pistols,
Lances, hagbuts, and bannerets ;
Dark-brow'd men, overbearing and wild,
Spared neither greybeard, nor mother
wi' child.

They o'erset the great plough in the
furrow'd field,
An' reft forth the oxen wha patiently
kneel'd ;
Seized two guid nags worth a fistful o'
gold,
Slew kine in the byre, an' sheep i' the
fold.

They slit up the bare-bolls, and wasted
the corn,
Broke open the house where the farmer
was born ;
Tossed napery, aumrie and kists to the
ground,
And laughed as the red flames licked
greedily round.

The bairns an' the lassie clung round
the guidwife,
Wha's pale cheeks were streaming wi'
fears for their life ;
John Stevenson, Rutherford's stepson
outcried,
And haling her forth stuck a spear in
her side.

When your gudeman comes hame at
the shroudin' o' night,
He'll likely not look for so dainty a sight ;
Ye can tell him his daughter is Ruther-
ford's bride,
An' bid him remember the Raiders o'
Clyde.

IN her girlhood, Joan of Arc, with her village companions, often sought the shade of an old oak of fairy fame. There they all danced and sang beneath garlands which they wove and hung upon the tree. Joan never joined actively in these revels, but often sat alone and mused by the wishing-well which sprang in the same place.

JOAN OF ARC

*UNDER the oak, and the oak so rare,
The white fays dance in the mead, O,
Moonbeams fair, on their golden hair,
Fast weaving a mazy brede, O.*

*Garlands o' lilies, and briars white,
They thrid o'er the Druid Tree, O,
Wi' twine o' delight, thro' the dusk o' the
night
Chantin' baith saft an' drce, O.*

*Ane rune they rede, upon man or maid,
Wha haunt the enchanted spray, O,
A vision staid, an' a heart afraid,
Fast castin' the magic lay, O.*

"Why fare ye all alone, Child Jean?
Why rins the saut tear down, O?"
"I pray for France, while others dance,
An' who suld wear the crown, O."

"What's sad the burden on thy heart?
Why bows your bonnie head, O?"
"A fiery crown besets me roun'
And bluid-drops fa' fu' red, O!"

O white, white is the Lady,
Lays high behest on me, O,
By sea and sky, wi' sword on thigh,
I'll conquer France for thee, O.

My banner sall be o' the white lilies,
O' white an' gold the seam, O;
For so I saw, the flag I bore,
Lang syne in a dream, O.

My armour sall be o' siller bright,
My locks curt like a boy, O;
By men o' might, my steed sall fight,
St. Denis a' my joy, O.

BALLADS AND ETCHINGS

"Hath no man so strang heart, Jean,
But must behest seek thee, O?"
"I canna rest, I canna jest,
Sa full's the heart o' me, O."

*Under the oak, and the oak so rare,
The white fays dance in a maze, O,
The moonlight fair, on their golden hair,
Lays saft an' silvery rays, O.*

*Garlands o' lilies, and briars white,
They wreathe'neath the Wizard Tree, O;
Dancing a' night, till the dawning o' light,
Wi' chant baith saft an' dree, O.*

*The charm they lay upon man, or may,
That haunt the enchanted ring, O;
Is a vision grey, and a heart away,
As round they circle and sing, O.*

A PLOUGHMAN named Matthew Johnson anxious about his wife, Tibbie, who was late home from market, set out over the hills to meet her. He found her on the heights kneeling with her face upon the ground, quite dead, her burden of unsold yarn by her side.

From James Hogg.

THE PLOUGHMAN'S WIFE

'T WAS the dim hour after sky-set,
An' a tap at the shepherd's door ;
The ploughman's wife at the shieling,
Ere she clambered up the moor.

" A drink o' milk, neebor,
Ma heart is strange an' cauld " ;
She took the cup and supped it up,
" Guid keep ye in his fauld."

" I dreamt an eerie dream, the nicht,
Of aye a Fairies' Rade,
But come the dawning o' the licht
My mind was ower sad.

Blithe mell was there o' steeds sa rare,
Wi' mony a man an' braw ;
Glittering the flight rode right in sight
Wi' mysel' the head o' a'.

Bride-reins braid a' goud belaid
Rang laud wi' stirrup and spurs ;
Silk flags a' jags wi' siller chiming tags
Curled quaint o'er the flowerin' furze.

Mickle talk has been made o' the Fairy
Cavalcade,
But yan was beyant a' words ;
I was shamed, wife, and lamed, an' my
wild heart was tamed
As they flashed out their diamant
swords.

I was told to be bold, and to leave my
well-loved hold,
To wed wi' anither man ;
Mat laft as he quaffed " There's nane
fule sa daft,
As 'ud take ye aff my han'."

BALLADS AND ETCHINGS

"Easy jestin'," said I, unrestin', protestin',
"But I ken, lad, it's no fra' the heart ;
A weddin' dream 's ill-bodin'. Hush my
burden is unloaden,
Bitter, bitter, 'twad be to part."

An' so I was way to mercat,
Ere the sun was an ell-wand high ;
I'd three fair spinles of yarn to sell,
An' barley an' saut to buy.

Guidnicht, the wold's before me,
Sa pathless wild an' steep ;
The bairns are aff to their beds cauld :
Eh ! but the peat is deep.

She's thocht o' cannie Davie,
"He'll greet for his mither sair ;
The yarn's ay heavy on my back,
I'll not bear mickle mair."

She's thocht on baby Nancy,
An' knelt upon the ground ;
"May-be I'll get ma breathin' sa,
Na doot I sall be found.

There's mony a black stane on the muir,
But nane sa dark as me ;
I'll lay my sad face to the airth,
For my eyesight's growin' dree."

Whist, whist, the thud o' horses,
Laud trampin' up the raid ;
Altho' her head weighed dead as lead ;
—She was nane sa sair afraid.

The piercing blast beat wild and fierce,
An' shuddered icy-cold ;
Where lonely-wide the guid-wife died
As the horsemen crossed the wold.



THROUGH the Pass of Kintraw winds the road between Craignish and Kilmartin. There may be seen an old foot way joining the two parishes. After it has wound a few yards up the hill it enters a narrow gorge, and here, two or three centuries ago, the two young lairds met, quarrelled, wrestled, and here one of them, Donald Campbell, fell. His death was speedily avenged by his foster-brother, as the ballad relates.

Tradition.

DONALD CAMPBELL

GI'E place, gi'e place, Donald Campbell,
 Stan' back, gi'e place to me ;
 My father's laird o' Achagarain ;
 Gi'e way, man, or ye dee."

They wrastled up, they wrastled down,
 McLachlain's fain for breath ;
 He's stuck his dirk in Campbell's heart,
 And gied him so his death.

Syne he's pressed the heather,
 And syne he's pressed the fern :
 My horse an' a', I'd gie ye braw
 For a drink fra yonder burn.

" No drink o' water sall ye have,
 While I've the maistery ! "
 Oh, the light was mirk on the blood-
 stained dirk,
 An' mirk, mirk was the sky.

Donald's father was putting the stone
 " Hey but the day is dour ! "
 Up comes black Archie,
 Wail and dirge owre the muir.

" What's yon ye bear so heavily ?
 Wha's hand hangs by your side ? "
 " Your son, my foster-brither," he said,
 " For whom I wad ha' died."

BALLADS AND ETCHINGS

The laird looked lang, the laird looked
aft,
An' tears blinded his e'e ;
" I ne'er had thocht to greet again
Afore I came to dee.

When dawn grows blue upon the hills,
An' pale blue wreaths arise,
Gude Archie, take an' wake me up,
For grief bears down my eyes.

I'd fain finger his cursèd head,
Wha 's killed my bonnie lad ;
Come lay thee down beside my bed,
Happed in thy blue-black plaid."

'Twas when the mune lay white below,
Silvering the gray beard's hand,
Archibald stole across the room,
And's aff o'er the sleepin' land.

An' when he reached McLachlain's door
Stone-still he stude wi' his sword ;
Stone-still—grippin' with baith strang
hands—
An' never spake a word.

Out crep' fause McLachlain,
East an' West looked he ;
Thrusting his head beyant the sill,
Or ere he made to flee.

" That's for you, traitor," said Archie,
" An' this for the laird," he said ;
He plucked the sever'd head from the
step,
An' rowed it in his plaid.

" Thole an' 'dole, Archibald,
Thole an' dole for ye ;
The sun shines squarely in," said
Campbell ;
" We've lost the enemy !"

" Laird o' Barbreck," says Archibald,
" I was laith to break your rest ;
I've that within my plaidie's fauld
Sall gie your eyes a feast.

The lads may play shinny wi' it,
An' Donald rest in his grave ;
Eh, but my arm is stiff," he said,
" Sic a blow's I gave !"

A LABOURER returning home one star-lit night had a vision of the Elfin Queen surrounded by her courtiers. On his arrival he attempted to give some account of the pageant, but was found to be almost speechless, and only recovered his faculties at the end of a year, when his account was somewhat as follows :

THE ELFIN BRIDE

O 'ER emeral' tufted turf,
Through asphodel and lilies,
The Elfin Bride paced in her pride,
Wi' cavalcade an' gillies.

She'd a gold-embroider'd cymar,
Auburn locks, and beauty's dower,
Twilight radiance flushed with vermeil,
Ay a cyclamen in flower !

The star-enchanted meads,
Grew pale at sic a revel ;
The brangle o' the tangle-reeds
Storm-chequered all the level.

Ane hand upheld the reins,
Her mist-pale palfry ambled ;
Wi' song, an' throng, she rode along,
As thro' the brake I rambled.

O moon-dappled may, and O quaint
roundelay,
Soft tresses and cresses and chryso-
prase ray,
Whirring, and chirring like woodpigeons
skirring,
We halloe wi' delight, till the mowers
are stirring.

Wi' cistus an' cestus, through wood-
serried vistas,
Musk-dusky where star-light hath striven
and missed us,
Roaming an' foaming till daylight is
doming,
We elves flutter free till the rere-mouse
is homing.

Wi' flambeau and rondeau enraptured
our steeds go,
Where daffodil, elecampane, and the
reeds grow ;

BALLADS AND ETCHINGS

<p>Chiffering and chaffering wi' mad hocus- poeus, We trample wild thyme and the gold- throated crocus.</p> <p>O wha would not hearken the soul- haunting aftermath Zig-zagging moon-rathe by hedgerow and meadow swathe; Flying an' crying dim echoes replying The fey-song o' singers, the death-song undying.</p> <p>But wi' dawning o' day our joy is de- thronèd, The madrigal dies, and the dirge is intonèd;</p>	<p>An' the cold o' the wold gathers over the fold, An' the woods where weird elfin-folk galloped of old.</p> <p>Where asphodel is hiding, All rainbow-pearled and sky-shot, The Elfin Bride is guiding Her cavalcade an' riot.</p> <p>Ane puir mortal hearkened, The silver chime an' rhyming; Sa heart-bewitched he wist na How the year's year was timing.</p>
---	--

ON A stormy Saturday, five or six years ago, the owner of some lobster creels, near Loch Eriboll, fearing to leave them out at sea all Sunday sent his mate and a lad to fetch them in. The tempest sank the overladen boat just as she was nearing land, and both men were lost.

ERIBOLL FISHERS

BATTERING at the door, wi' thundering awesum roar,
The billows break tumultuously ;
"Mate, the creels are out at stake ; run
the sea-boat down and take
Neil Macleod—he's a strong lad—wi'
ye."

Nets festooned in brown wreaths hung
from the rafter-beams and swung,
By the hearth stude the spinning-
wheel ;
From the bedside Mackie leapt ; Jean,
his wife, deep silence kept
As he kissed his bairns "Be guid"
and "Fareweel."

Then suddenly she shook, reached down
the Bible book ;
"O Christ, bring my man safe back !
A soughing fra' the sea, cursing male-
dictory,
Rolled up wi the dark night-wrack.

The storm-wind's iron clang o'er the
bare woods sternly rang,
Lang, lang ere the dawn sa dree ;
Like a hellish spirit's cry ran a shriek-
ing thro' the sky,
And my heart beat tumultuously !"

Sune the crafty keel shot forth thro'
the seething, hissing froth,
Thro' darkness and the wild sleet-
wreath ;
How the vessel rock'd and reel'd as
they piled each heavy creel,
Frozen-handed, bent, and gripping wi'
their teeth !

Hark, hark, the storm-fiend cries, lifts
the boat's crew to the skies,
Spreads shroud o' foaming waters o'er
the surge ;
White skinny claws arise, to clutch the
hard-earned prize,
And the sea-trows intone the dirge.

BALLADS AND ETCHINGS

Charles Mackie and the lad Neil Mac-
leod laughed out half-mad,
As the whirlwind snatched the oars
from out their hand :

"There's a plank beneath our feet yet,
and ne'er was life so sweet,
Yet I doubt we'll never struggle to
the land."

Eyes straining from the shore, as round
the vessel bore :

"She'll never reach the harbour, lads,
afloat !"

For a moment she was seen in a waste
of angry green,
Then no mortal evermore beheld the
boat.

Jean Mackie knelt beside his mother
age-betied :

"There's just the bairns and me—and
one to come ;

They've searched the sea-coast round,
and nothing has been found ;

Yesterday the boat was lost—no one
home."

A DANISH peasant-woman, lured by the promise of gold, forsook her infant in order to suckle a rich man's child. Her own died, and she was ever after haunted by its spirit, as is related in the ballad.

Hans Christian Andersen.

ANNE LISBETH

STAY, stay, why do ye haste away ?
Stay, stay, my feet are bleeding ;
The wild sea-wrack ensnares my track,
And yet ye gi'e no heeding.

She's turned an' gazed on the pale mist-
moon
Laid shroud o'er surf and sea ;
There came a wail upon the gale :
" Hark, who was calling me ? "

" Ye took a rich babe in my stead,
Nor cared to serve nor love me ;
As Christ sall save, I have no grave,
Nor flower, nor herb above me.

It's a bare-foot fisher-laddie ca's,
All mist-enswathed an' drowning ;

Wringing hands, and speeding swift,
Wi' dirge o' sea-bell sounding.

I have no bed to lay my head ;
Ye banned me fra' thy keeping ;
Alane my grave beneath the wave,
An' I must wander weeping.

Deep, dig deep in the ribbed sea-sand,
That the land-waves may not wake me ;
Dig deep a' night wi' the bleeding hand
That never cared to take me."

A' nicht, a' nicht, nail and bone,
A' for the dead and sleeping,
Anne Lisbeth dug, world alone,
And still she heard it weeping.

BALLADS AND ETCHINGS

" The deep sea cannot haud me down,
The saut sea will not bear me ;
Clasp me, mother, next thy heart,
Where none but I may hear thee."

She's ta'en him in her two strang arms,
She's hushed him fra, all weeping ;
The neighbours found them whispering
so,
As though they were but sleeping.



It fell out one autumn day that a septon's wife, sewing at her door, saw one standing there that had a garland upon her head. Upon question the spirit averred that she was Maggie Ross, a maid-of-all-work, lately dead, and to prove it shewed a rent, or tear, in her sleeve, of which she laid the blame on the guidwife's conscience.

Jewish Fable.

MAGGIE ROSS

WHERE hollyhocks rear'd lank
and sere,
An' beech leaves rattled laud ;
A crooked crone, at her door alone,
Sat sewing herself a shroud.

The sunlight flickering dreamily
Over the door-stane low,
Wi' shadows o' the jasmine tree,
Play'd criss-cross to and fro.

And it's there she saw a straight maid
Wi' a garland on her head,
Sa white an' frail, sa sweet an' pale,
Though never a word she said.

Like a sheeny-coloured dream
She hung fragrant on the breeze,

More dazzlin' than the sun
Through the gouden beechen trees.

"Come ben, come ben, thou bonnie
flower,
If a breathin' saul thou be."
"A livin' saul I am," she spake,
"An straight from Purgatory.

Dost thou not mind me, withered
dame,
Lay cauld i' thy hands between ?"
"It's never Maggie Ross," she asked,
"That we buried yestreen ?"

"O ay, I'm Maggie Ross," she said,
"Wi' fingers cut to the bane ;
O ay, I'm just the servin' lass
That nane wad save nor sane."

BALLADS AND ETCHINGS

And it's "How gat ye that siller dress,
An' the chaplet twines your brow?"
"It's risin' afore the sun," she said,
"An' a rune ere I laid me down.

Of St. John's wort wove, and vervain
trove
In Paradise grew fair;
Na bitter blast can harm my ghaist
While this garland decks my hair.

Reach out thy han' guid-wife," she said,
"An' finger-feel my sleeve;
Ye rent my sark i' the shroudin' wark,
Now will ye nat believe?

Sair shamed am I amang the fouk,
Look me in front an' face;
Ply, ply thy glitterin' needle fast,
That I may win to grace."

She's knelt beside the wrinkled crone,
Sewed swift an' sickerly;
Then laid her sma' mouth to her lips
And kissed her wistfully.

"Strang workin'-day, but nane so lang,
Ere ye join me at kirk-yard tree";
There was just a sigh and a smothered
cry,
An' naething more was to see.

NEAR Loch Ranag lay in olden days the castle of a fierce knight who went by the name of Graysteel or Graylie. He was the terror of the country-side, not only ravaging neighbouring territories but slaying any who, through temerity or accident, trespassed on his hunting preserves. In this guise fell young Rollo, whose death was avenged by his sister's lover, as here followeth ;

Tradition.

LADY HELEN

Lady Helen saw wan i' the gloaming,
Wi' mantle o' sea-blue mist ;
Her hair moon-dark i' the shadow-wark
O' the purple twilight tryst.

Oh, hark to the thud an' the thunder,
Sa ye glint o' a riderless steed ;
The bird o' wane, sair maketh plain,
" My ain sweet brither is deid."

Up an' spake young Lord Durie,
" Foul Graylie hath done this wrang ;
My sword sall be the bitter-sweet
Sall lay him low and lang !

Thy brither sall have fair sleeping
Under yon kirkyard tree ;
God wot he will be watching
A' night 'twixt thee an' me."

The wind's howlin', the wind's howling,
Bitter hail owre the moor ;
Side by side twa horsemen riding ;
Hey but the night is dour.

" Fling aff, fling aff, Lord Durie,
The cock begins to crow ;
An' I maun seek the black hill-creek
Where bent and hemlock grow.

But ye sall fight the fiercest knight
Swung ever sword at side."
It was lang ere noon sore hack'd an'
hewn,
Sir Graylie cursed an' died.

Twa corbies wheeled the white world,
An' perched on Graylie's head ;
" *Lang ha' we waited on thee, Sir Knight,
Wha gat us our daily bread.*

BALLADS AND ETCHINGS

*The red flames lick thy braw towers
Fra' green cress-weed to grass ;
To-morrow sall see fair burying,
Wi' saul-bell, priest an' mass."*

Lady Helen paceth her pleasaunce
East an' west owre the lea ;
Up rode Durie wi' her dead brither
Across his saddle-tree.

"Feared ye no scathe ?" "Nay, a lonely
wraith,
Led me mysteriously ;
I heard his horse-hoofs watch and ward,
A' night 'twixt death an' me."

"There's a gouden kame for Rollo's hair,
An' kisses to close his e'e,
And Helen to thank his trusty friend,
Low on her bended knee."

ABOUT the beginning of last century an old man, Wat Douglas by name, with his wife Janet, were startled by hearing the voice of their only daughter calling to them outside the house. As she was then in service at some distance and had last visited them apparently well at Lockerbie Fair, they determined to follow the unearthly visitant to the Fords o' Callum. The rest of the story may be found in the ballad. It only remains to add that the strange mourner who stood beside the grave was afterwards tracked by the prints of his horse's hoofs to a cave in the hillside, where they disappeared. It is imagined he was an evil water-spirit, foiled in his attempt to lure his victim into the river.

From a tale by James Hogg.

THE FORDS O' CALLUM

*"M*ITHER, are ye wauking,
Wauking a' the nicht?
It's cauld an' weary i' the dark
Without or shoon or licht."

"Steek the door, Janet ;
There's a cauld sough roun' the house."
"The night is muth an' breathless, man ;
I'm like to swoon almos'."

"Mither, are ye wauking,
Wauking a' the nicht?
It's cauld an' weary wanderin'
Without or cloak or licht."

Open the door, mither ;
Come out an' speak wi' me."
"Is onybody wi' ye, child,
That your father suld not see?"

"Na, na, there's naebody wi' me,
Would God there had not been,
Is father to the Callum Fords,
Where I bid him yestere'en?"

"Your father's lyin' here by my side."
"Wae's me, 'tis ower late!"
Sighin', cryin', oh sa sair,
The voice died o'er the gate."

BALLADS AND ETCHINGS

" Dinna gang near't, Janet ;
 Dinna awa' fra' the wa's ! "
 " Will I not follow my ain sweet bairn
 That could an' barefuit gaes ! "

'Twas a bonnie, bonnie midsummer
 night,
 The moon shone white as may ;
 The auld man an' his wife stole out
 To Callum Fords away.

" What's that lyin' yon, Janet,
 Stane-still upon the green ? "
 " Oh, God alane knows what it is ;
 Twere better not be seen."

" I canna gang a step farther,
 My heart is like to brast ;
 Let's kneel an' watch it thro' our tears
 Until the night be past."

The fords o' Callum lie smooth and
 sheen,
 The nights are sune away ;
 The nightingale sang loud and keen
 Until the dawn o' day.

The white moor-cotton bathed their feet,
 Sa lanesome in its pride ;
 Wi' twa sma' leaves, frail, frail an' fleet,
 Alack an' woe betide !

They waded owre to puir Annie,
 Her cheek was cauld as snaw ;
 The sward was set wi' marks o' hoofs,
 On her head a deadly blow.

Alane they toil to the kirkyard yett,
 But alane they did not stay ;
 A dark knight stood beside the grave,
 Wi' turmoil rode away.

His lang black elf-locks stream behind
 A dark cloak veils his eyes ;
 His courser foams upon the wind,
 Sa wildly as he flies.

" But its weary lyin' the lie-lang nicht
 An' Annie below the sod ;
 I'se prayin' sune to follow her
 Low at the feet o' God."



SOME years ago a ferryman, plying between Arran and Ardrossan, made away with his sweetheart. Suspicion falling upon him, for some time he found safety in hiding, but, at last, haunted by remorse, took his own life, and was discovered dead upon the sea-coast.

Newspaper.

JESSIE O' ARDROSSAN

SET hands an' lift her head, neebor,
An' I will bear her feet ;
An' in the kirk at Ardrossan
The fisher-folk sall meet.

They've washed the sea-surf fra' her
face,
An' closed her starin' eyes,
And bound the cere-cloth round her
limbs,
Sa stiff an' cold she lies.

They've laid her in the wide grey aisle ;
Sa lang's her yellow hair,
'Tis knotted loose upon her breast
An' twined beneath the bier.

Wan an' weird was the wanton sea,
The wrack surged wild and dim ;
The dusky sands gleamed wet an' dun,
When last she was seen wi' him.

A dark form crept to Janet's hut,
" Sister, art thou in ?"
Crouchin' by the flickerin' drift,
He spake : " I did the sin !

I gripped her by her twa bent hands,
And flung her in the surf ;
Her gowd hair shone like daffodils,
That glimmer o'er the turf.

I thocht the sea was deep as hell,
I thocht the night was dead ;
But now I know the whole wide world,
With pity watched her head.

Sister, gi'e me the osier-lamp,
Hangs low upon the wa' !
I'm weary o' my wandering life,
And fain would end it a'.

BALLADS AND ETCHINGS

The gale keeps calling loud an' keen,
 'Dinna drown me, Johnnie,'
An' aye a babe cries echoing
 Shrill and shudderin' on me."

They found the murderer cauld an' blue,
 Dead, 'mong the saut sca-grasses ;
An' " Dinna drown me, I spake true,"
 Cries the whirlwind as it passes.

A TRANSLATION of an Aubade, or Dawn-song, written by Giraut de Borneilh in Provençal, from a French version by W. Borsdorf, Ph.D.

THE WATCHER AND HIS FRIEND

(FROM THE PROVENÇAL OF GIRAUT DE BORNEILH)

The Watcher

SIR Lord of Life and Light divine,
Beseech thee guide this friend of
mine ;
Protect him by thy gracious might ;
I've watched and watched the live-long
night,
And now white grows the dawn.

Sweet friend, if sleep weigh down your
eyes,
Sleep, sleep no more, but gently rise ;
See, lo ! the day-star waxes great,
Bright herald of the Eastern gate,
And white, white grows the dawn.

Wake, wake ! my song's a cry to thee ;
The nightingale from tree to tree,

Longing for day, wings back and forth ;
I fear reprisal—jealous wrath
And whiter grows the dawn !

Arise and seek the casement bright,—
All Heaven's a gold-besprinkled white,—
Then say if he be false to thee,
Who bids "Beware the Penalty,"
And lighter grows the morn.

Sweet friend, since first my watch I kept,
I've neither left my knees, nor slept :
Praying to God, St. Mary's Son,
Through my leal troth, thy weal be won,
And white, white grows the dawn.

BALLADS AND ETCHINGS

The Friend

*Ah ! friend, on the threshold of the door,
Well hast thou counsell'd : sleep no more ;
Prithce keep watch the whole night
through,
Still song and I must trouble you,
And whiter grow the dawn.*

*Friend, such my joy, my rest so sweet,
What care I though no day I greet—
She—loveliest child e'er mother made,
I clasp—nor reck of ambuscade,
Nor fear the whitest dawn.*

SIR JOHN COCHRANE, of Ochiltree, second son of the first Earl of Dundonald, belonged to the party headed by Sidney and Russell in England. After the execution of these great men, he fled to Holland, where he remained till the death of Charles II. in 1685. He then returned to Scotland to head the Presbyterian party. After the fight at Muirdykes he was betrayed into the hands of the enemy, paraded through the streets of Edinburgh bound and bareheaded, and lodged in the Tolbooth to await trial as a traitor. At this point the ballad takes up the story.

History.

GRIZEL COCHRANE'S RIDE

"**R**ANGE an' change, auld Nursey,
Range an' change wi' me ;
An' thou shalt get gude servin'-gown
For thy son's accouterie."

"What do ye here, Child Grizel,
An' where's your company ?
The white foam-speck 's on your horse's
neck,
An' tears in your bonnie c'e.

The roofs o' Berwick lie red an' wide,
An' Tweed rins fair an' slow ;
But what's a' that by proud Edinbry
toun
Where fouks ride to an' fro ? "

"Oh, Edinboro' hauds the grim Tolbooth,
Wi' many a darksome cell,
Where your auld laird lies pinched an'
stairved,
For loving kirk too well.

An' gin I canna hauld the post,
Returns fra' London town ;
By Christ's sweet head, a Cochrane's
dead,
An' in his shroud laid down."

"Come ben, come ben, Lady Grizel, my
dear,
Come ben and sleep a wee ;
Gin ye ha' rid fra Edinbry toun,
Sair weary must ye be ! "

BALLADS AND ETCHINGS

But she's on and aff to a roadside inn,
Where she's ca'd for bread and wine ;
Saftly, saftly, thou hasty youth ;
The post-boy sleeps within.

Grizel's set her down by his side,
Took his pistols fra' under his head ;
"Go, fetch me cauld well-water," she
said,
"To mix wi' my wine so red."

She's ta'en out the lead bullets,
Set the pistols back again ;
She's paid her count, and ridden out
Back o'er the sunset plain.

Iron bound, without a sound,
Wi' her horse's head turned south ;
She waited the mail, in a beechen dale,
And firm set was her mouth.

How the post-boy stared, when his pis-
tols flared,
Leaping off to drag her down ;
She was way wi' his loose horse, bags
and a'
As sune as he touched the groun'.

She's shred the warrant fine as grass,
An' stowed it nex' her breast ;

There was no mickle light, tho' the night
was white
And her good nag needed rest.

Sic a tintamar up the raid,
Sic din o' gladsum tidings ;
An' its there they counted the guid red
gold,
King Jamie lo'ed mair than a' things.

Oh, ride, guid gentlemen, ride i' haste,
The king's heart suld be safter ;
To hear Sir John Cochrane's not yet
dead,
An' the ransom's comin' after.

And its Grizel Cochrane's low bent the
knee,
"Father can ye feel me ?
The crowd is shouting that thou art free,
And the land and the titles till ye !"

"Oh my hands are weak an' wan wi'
care,
An' my eyes are blind wi' weeping ;
But there's grace, in an auld carle's
face," he said,
Sall guard ye awake or sleeping.

I'll weary ye aft wi' my ways sa daft,
An' ye'll wish that ye had left me ;
But sic gear shall cheer ye a' the year
As ne'er sall be bereft ye."

AN EVEN-SONG

IT was evening and the wood-nymphs
tired with the chase,
Foot-sore, stiff, breathless, laughing,
and laden with spoil,
Came downward to the westering lake
apace,
Throwing off bows and tunics heated
with the toil.

And poising deftly thus unlaced their
sandalled feet,
Threw back their hair and ran down
to the strand ;
Where the coy Naiads like wild roses
fleet,
Showed their pale faces on the waves
and sand.

And bubbling laughter and voices rose
in the air,
And cries of scorn at the timid land-
born folk,

While pleased to forget herself, yea
debonnair,
Diana suavely surveyed each frolic
joke.

And one slim Dryad, long-neck'd and
full of grace,
Looking and looking ere she would
take her dive,
Her life like reflected wavelets on her
face,
Shyly playing with Fate, yet all alive.

And the screams of her irate playmates
and the white arms,
Flung round her feet, the knees ; the
splash and the cry
Soft dusky eyes, and oh ! the faint
alarms !
From parted lips ; the exquisite har-
mony !

BALLADS AND ETCHINGS

And then the changing light, and the
 roseate glow
Over the twining limbs, and the pul-
 sating green ;

And the waning silence as fading
 colours flow
And a sober dusk comes on where
 delight has been.



THE alchemist Paracelsus was once upon a time embarrassed by the presence of a friend whom he had released from durance. By a happy use of his arts he restored the demon to its prison, else had he nigh been slain.

PARACELSUS

IT'S weary o'er the missal,
And weary o'er the tome,
When wild sou'west winds whistle,
And mariners meet their doom.

And it's O for the wide, wide forest,
And O for the fir trees dark ;
And it's O Paracelsus, Paracelsus,
Paracelsus, Paracelsus—Hark !

“ Who calls on Paracelsus
With fierce an' fearsome cry ? ”
And it's there he sees a runic cross
Carved i' the rock-face high.

Intoning, moaning, croning,
A subtle fiend gives voice ;
“ Unlock my prison gyves, weird friend,
And two phials wait thy choice.

The first heals all diseases,
The second turns all to gold ;
Loose me ! ” cried the spirit,
“ My power is untold.”

Slowly as a miser crooks his treasure,
Slowly as a mother bids farewell,
With gaunt and haggard features,
Paracelsus says a spell.

Out creeps a dark and deadly adder,
Spreads to a gruesome death's-head
form ;
A sibyl, cloak'd and hooded,
From a striped and spotted worm.

“ Paracelsus, Paracelsus !
Here be cunning potions twain,
One tincture crams thy coffers,
The other cures all pain.

BALLADS AND ETCHINGS

<p>And I'm for a distant city, Where the warlock who witched me dwells." —Whey-white was Paracelsus, Brooding o'er his spells.</p> <p>"Thy time's come! Death is on thee." She gripped him by the throat; Ice-cold the powers of darkness Struck through his antique coat.</p> <p>"I'd give both life and witchcraft To see thee whence thou came!" With guile and wile and subtle smile Crept in the grisly dame.</p> <p>Then swift as swallows in summer Paracelsus rehearsed his charm;</p>	<p>Clapping the stopper in the hole Wi' all the strength of his arm.</p> <p>And it's harsh as stormy whirlwinds, Echoes the cave wi' rage, Smothered by weighty snowdrifts For ever and an age.</p> <p>O thrice, thrice blessed wise men, Who trace the upward way; And blessed be Paracelsus On feast and holiday.</p> <p>For every tongue cries "Paracelsus!" The glory of his time; Who dowed with magic phials, Grew great beyond all rhyme.</p>
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EARL RONALD, the only son of his widowed mother, had a vision in the forest of a Fairy Hunt. On relating it to his mother she informed him, with many signs of distress, that such a weird ever preceded the death of the seer: which accordingly came to pass shortly after.

THE WEIRD O' EARL RONALD

THE harbourer's hame ere nightfall,
Has track'd a great stag i' the
wood ;
"To-morrow we'll hunt ere the dawnin'
day,
A royal hart by the rood."

'Oh, wat ha' ye seen, Ronald,
An' wat ha' ye heard, my son ?
"Weird sights an' sounds and nane o'
earth,
To-day i' the wood I won !

The wind-flowers waved i' the emeral'
glen,
Blue, blue were the isles o' the sea ;
When a rustle an' tussle o' faery men,
Rang merrily owre the lea.

Hey an' away an' the hounds gave bay,
An' a stag flashed owre the stream ;
Holla o' huntsmen an' horn sa gay,
Jus' the glamowrie of a dream.

Beneath the plummy larches, mither,
Their green coats hung and swung ;
Wi' stress an' press an' eeriness,
An' the elf-queen them amang.

A straight gown a' o' needlecraft
Reached till her bonnie feet ;
A croun o' filagree an' pearls
Held her wayward curls i' freit.

Her gray steed danced i' gold housels,
Embossed wi' rose an' may ;
Bride-reins beset wi' dew-drap bells
Chimed thro' the woodland gay.

BALLADS AND ETCHINGS

To tell the goodly company
Wi' gillies ran and strode,
Were just to name a hundred stars
Hemming the forest road.

Their cloaks an' swords o' rare device,
Their bonnet'd heads sa bold,
Made pageant o'er the summer sky,
As they sped across the wold.

They passed, and the sod untrod, mither,
Snow-white the flowers still shone;
But fled an' wed my joy, mither,
Gin the Faery Folk were gone."

" Wae for the dree, Ronald,
Thy ain weird hast thou seen ;
Ride not to chase my ain sweet boy,
Or thy grave will sune be green !"

He's laughed an' given his word till her,
He's kissed her lip and chin ;
He's called his hounds, and fared his
rounds,
She's wished that he was in.

He's gone down till the hollow,
Wad swim in the waters cool ;
It's there they found his corse the morn,
White i' the dark-brown pool.

AT the end of last century a large number of crofters and cottars were evicted from the uplands of Sutherlandshire, and an attempt made to resettle them upon the coast. The ballad relates in a conversation between two gipsies, the resistance the sberiff and his men encountered whilst destroying the byre of the squatters ; and the sad end of a very aged woman, the head of the tribe, who had long been bedridden.

THE GIPSY EVICTMENT

BLUE-GREEN'S the plaidie roun'
 the babe,
 Raven the gipsy's hair ;
 Eagles that soar o'er barren moor
 No keener-sighted glare.

" Hoo's wi' a' Jamie?
 An oor mither I pine to see ;
 Fair-day tyne, and fair-day syne,
 Aye draggit wearily.

I've cleared oot mugs and hornie
 spunes,
 No tin ware's mair to sell ;
 I've spaed for rich, and I've spaed for
 puir,
 But I condna spae for mysel'."

" Whist, lass, the factor's at oor place,
 An' red-coats ten-twal strang."

" Ochone and wat o' the puir auld wife
 That's lain alone sa lang ?

An' wat's yon reekie up the glen,
 Mang heather, rush, and ferns ?
 Ma heart misdoots, out wi' it man !"
 " Och, lass, oor bothy burns !

They cast us down a braid white crown :
 " Here's twice the price o' the byre ;
 Yon birken boughs, and moss-fir wa's,
 Sall make a rare bonfire !

BALLADS AND ETCHINGS

They set the wild flames to the thatch,
 An' scorched the growin' corn";
 "Did nane a one hale Margaret oot
 As a hapless lamb is borne?"

"We daur'd na set a hand till her,
 Till the blankets burnt her foot.
 'God help my saul,' the auld wife cried,
 'What fire is this aboot?'

We happed her neath the budding oak,
 Shone gouden on the blue,
 While barefoot bairns, and dusky wives,
 About the biggin flew.

We tirl'd and birl'd the meal-kist oot,
 Where three guid pund-notes lay;
 Ye ken she promised us the drap,
 To cheer the lyke-wake day."

"But man—ochone—the meal was oot,
 An' the notes not safe at a'!
 I'd stowed them safe and soun' o'ernicht
 In a cranneuk in the wa'!"

"Wae! Didna tell the auld wife,
 She's gloryin' in her wark;
 An' aye she's thinkin' o' our deep drink-
 in'
 When she's baith stiff an' stark.

Yon, yon she lies by the burnie,
 Her face turned to the tree;
 She's never spake a word since dawn
 Whey-white wi' sunken e'e."

The two dark figures bronze and stern,
 Strode fluttering up the glen;
 Wi' tears unseen, and a greetin' wean,
 An' hoots o' angry men.

RED, WHITE, AND BLUE

COLOURS had blindit them !
Fifers an' pipers,
Sae a' three enlisted ; for Allan grew
wild,
His mither, sore-pressed by the factor
for rack-rent,
A widow, and Allan her eldest child.

He was aye a daft lad, wi' a laugh licht
an' glad,
We adored him, we callants o' Lionel ;
But his mither sair greetin' wi' mickle
intreatin'
Sold out a' she had to sell.

'Twixt plaidies an' rund-coats we thrust
in oor pund-notes,
Abashed by the giant wi' big bronze
star ;
How his fist shook the boardin's, an'
scattered oor hoardin's,
As he roared, "Not for this lad we
stormed Candahar.

Gang hame till your mither, Allan ye
callant,
An' take your discharge, an' your
freens w' ye ;
Thank God, gold's not wanted, nor
swordsmen undaunted,
Nor breathes Seaforth Highlander 'll
round on me."

Cried Allan : "Rin, rin lads, an' waken
the hamlet,
Tell mother an' a' how we're moneyed
an' free ;
There's Jamiesine Campbell aye watch-
ing for Angus,
An' Marget wi' tear-stained e'e."

But a lowerin' cloud off the Stornoway
offing,
Gared me fear, for the journey was
lang ;
I stude out to return, an' in spite o'
their scoffing,
May happen I wasna wrong.

BALLADS AND ETCHINGS

<p>On the brig-head we parted ; Angus Morrison, James McRitchie, an' Allan " the laird " ; The ebon mell o' their eager footsteps, I' the snaw-wreaths shroudin' the braird.</p> <p>That's twa nichts syne, and yet na news o' them ; Maybe they're snawed up aboon ; Weel kennt they the shelter fra' sic helter-skelter, God save them to Lionel town.</p> <p>Sa search ilka valley, neuk, crook and corrie, Up an' down the haill countree-side ; Sin' brig o' Tay birst, like a cobweb i' hairst, There's bin none sic snaw-drift tide."</p> <p>We found the puir lads on the muir thegither, Hands owre face, sirs, as tho' they prayed ;</p>	<p>An' footsteps distraught back an' forth fra' the shieling, As Jamie had rin there dismayed.</p> <p>But he'd stayed at length by his leader Allan, Half turning him o'er fra' the storm ; Sa blindin' the snaw-screen he couldna ha' seen him, But he felt twas a lifeless form.</p> <p>Heavy our burdens—Angus Morrison, James McRitchie, an' Allan " the laird," As we toiled up the steep winding sheep-track to Lionel, Where the snaw-wreaths enshroud the braird.</p> <p>"Wha'll gang first to acquent the women ?" "Call ilka saul fra' Barras to Ness ; Sic a concoorse o' neighbours will gar them raise surely ; The coronach for Lionel's distress."</p>
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